Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe were compremyzd,
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied,
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autume turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull ſhepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He ſtucke them vp before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambes, and thoſe were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.

Ant. This was a venture ſir, that *Iacob* ſer'ud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſwayd and faſhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſiluer, Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as faſt,
But note me ſignior.

Ant. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſhood hath.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my *Iewiſh* gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue monies, you ſay ſo:
You that did voyd your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, money is your ſute,
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A curre can lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whiſpring humbleneſſe
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on wendſday laſt,
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day another time,
You call'd me dog: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doyte
Of vſance for my monies, and you'l not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.

Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhow,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merry ſport,